

THE TRAGEDIE OF Anthonie, and Cleopatra.

Actus Primus. Scena Prima.

Enter Demetrius and Philo.

Philo.

Alas, but this dotage of our Generals
Ore-flows the measure: those his goodly eyes
That o're the Files and Musters of the Warre,
Have glow'd like plated Mars:
Now bend, now turne
The Office and Devotion of their view
Vpon a Tawny Front. His Captaines heart,
Which in the scuffles of great Fights hath burst
The Buckles on his brest, reneges all temper,
And is become the Bellowes and the Fan
To coole a Gypsies Lust.

Flourish. Enter Anthony, Cleopatra, her Ladies, the
Train, with Eunuchs fanning her.

Looke where they come:

Take but good note, and you shall see in him
(The triple Pillar of the world) transform'd
Into a Strumpets Foole. Behold and see.

Cleo. If it be Loue indeed, tell me how much.

Ant. There's beggary in the loue that can be reckon'd

Cleo. He set a bourn how farre to be belov'd.

Ant. Then must thou needs finde out new Heauen,
new Earth.

Enter a Messenger.

Mes. Newes (my good Lord) from Rome.

Ant. Grates me, the summe.

Cleo. Nay heare them Anthony.

Fulvia perchance is angry: Or who knowes,
If the scarse-bearded Caesar haue not sent
His powrefull Mandate to you. Do this, or this;
Take in that Kingdome, and Infranchise that:
Performe't, or else we damne thee.

Ant. How, my Loue?

Cleo. Perchance? Nay, and most like:

You must not stay heere longer, your dismission
Is come from Caesar, therefore heare it Anthony.
Where's Fulvia Procure? (Caesars I would say) both?
Call in the Messengers: As I am Egypts Queene,
Thou blushest Anthony, and that blood of thine
Is Caesars homager: else so thy cheekes payes shame,
When thrill-tongu'd Fulvia scolds. The Messengers.

Ant. Let Rome in Tyber melt, and the wide Arch
Of the raign'd Empire fall: Heere is my space,
Kingdomes are clay: Our dungie earth alike

Feeds Beast as Man; the Noblenesse of life
Is to do thus: when such a mutuall paire,
And such a twaine can doo't, in which I binde
One paine of punishment, the world to weere
We stand vp Peerelesse.

Cleo. Excellent falsehood:

Why did he marry Fulvia, and not loue her?

He seeme the Foole I am not. Anthony will be himselfe.

Ant. But stirr'd by Cleopatra.

Now for the loue of Loue, and her soft houres,
Let's not confound the time with Conference harsh;
There's not a minute of our liues should stretch
Without some pleasure now. What sport to night?

Cleo. Heare the Ambassadors.

Ant. Fye wrangling Queene:

Whom euery thing becomes, to chide, to laugh,
To weepe: who euery passion fully tries
To make it selfe (in Thee) faire, and admir'd.
No Messenger but thine, and all alone, to night
Wee'l wander through the streets, and note
The qualities of people. Come my Queene,
Last night you did desire it. Speake not to vs.

Exeunt with the Train.

Dem. Is Caesar with Antonius priz'd to slight?

Philo. Sir sometimes when he is not Anthony,

He comes too short of that great Property

Which still should go with Anthony.

Dem. I am full sorry, that hee approues the common
Liar, who thus speakes of him at Rome; but I will hope
of better deeds to morrow. Rest you happy. Exeunt

Enter Enobarbus, Lamprius, a Soothsayer, Rannius, Lucilius,
Charman, Iras, Mardian the Eunuch,
and Alexas.

Char. L. Alexas, sweet Alexas, most any thing Alexas,
almost most absolute Alexas, where's the Soothsayer
that you prais'd so to th' Queene? Oh that I knewe this
Husband, which you say, must change his Hornes with
Garlands.

Alex. Soothsayer.

Sooth. Your will?

Char. Is this the Man? Is't you sir that know things?

Sooth. In Natures infinite booke of Secrecie, a little I
can read.

Alex. Shew him your hand.

Enob. Bring in the Banket quickly: Wine enough,
Cleo

Cleopatra's health to drinke.

Char. Good sir, giue me good Fortune.

Sooth. I make not, but foresee.

Char. Pray then, foresee me one.

Sooth. You shall be yet farre fairer then you are.

Char. He means in flesh.

Iras. No, you shall paint when you are old.

Char. Wrinkles forbid.

Alex. Vex not his prescience, be attentiu.

Char. Hush.

Sooth. You shall be more belouing, then beloued.

Char. I had rather heate my Liuer with drinking.

Alex. Nay, heare him.

Char. Good now some excellent Fortune: Let mee
be married to three Kings in a forenoone, and Widdow
them all: Let me haue a Childe at fifty, to whom Herode
of Iewry may do Homage. Finde me to marrie me with
Octauius Caesar, and companion me with my Mistris.

Sooth. You shall out-lie the Lady whom you serue.

Char. Oh excellent, I loue long life better then Figs.

Sooth. You haue seene and proued a fairer former for-
tune, then that which is to approach.

Char. Then belike my Children shall haue no names:
Prythee how many Boyes and Wenches must I haue.

Sooth. If euery of your wishes had a wombe, & fore-
tell euery wish, a Million.

Char. Our Foole, I forgieue thee for a Witch.

Alex. You thinke none but your sheets are priuie to
your wishes.

Char. Nay come, tell Iras hers.

Alex. Wee'l know all our Fortunes.

Enob. Mine, and most of our Fortunes to night, shall
be drunke to bed.

Iras. There's a Palme presages Chastity, if nothing els.

Char. Ene as the o're-flowing Nylus presageth Fa-
mine.

Iras. Go you wilde Bedfellow, you cannot Soothsay.

Char. Nay, if an oyle Palme bee not a fruitfull Prog-
nostication, I cannot scratch mine care. Prythee tel her
but a worky day Fortune.

Sooth. Your Fortunes are alike.

Iras. But how, but how, giue me particulars.

Sooth. I haue said.

Iras. Am I not an inch of Fortune better then she?

Char. Well, if you were but an inch of fortune better
then I: where would you choose it.

Iras. Not in my Husbands nose.

Char. Our worse thoughts Heauens mend.

Alexas. Come, his Fortune, his Fortune. Oh let him
marry a woman that cannot go, sweet Isis, I beseech thee,
and let her dye too, and giue him a worse, and let worse
follow worse, till the worst of all follow him laughing to
his graue, fifty-fold a Cuckold. Good Isis heare me this
Prayer, though thou denie me a matter of more waight:
good Isis I beseech thee.

Iras. Amen, deere Goddesse, heare that prayer of the
people. For, as it is a heart-breaking to see a handsome
man loose, Wiu'd, so it is a deadly sorrow, to beholde a
foule Knaue vncuckolded: Therefore deere Isis keep de-
corum, and Fortune him accordingly.

Char. Amen.

Alex. Lo now, if it lay in their hands to make mee a
Cuckold, they would make themselves Whores, but
they'd doo't.

Enter Cleopatra.

Enob. Hush, heere comes Anthony.

Char. Not he, the Queene.

Cleo. Saue you, my Lord.

Enob. No Lady.

Cleo. Was he not heere?

Char. No Madam.

Cleo. He was dispos'd to mirth, but on the sodaine
A Romane thought hath strooke him.

Enobarbus?

Enob. Madam.

Cleo. Seeke him, and bring him hither: wher's Alexas?

Alex. Heere at your seruice.

My Lord approaches.

Enter Anthony, with a Messenger.

Cleo. We will not looke vpon him:

Go with vs.

Messen. Fulvia thy Wife,

First came into the Field.

Ant. Against my Brother Lucius?

Messen. I: but soone that Waire had end,

And the times state

Made friends of them, ioynring their force 'gainst Caesar,

Whose better issue in the warre from Italy,

Vpon the first encounter draue them.

Ant. Well, what worst?

Messen. The Nature of bad newes infects the Teller.

Ant. When it concerns the Foole or Coward: On

Things that are past, are done, with me. 'Tis thus,

Who tels me true, though in his Tale I see death,

I heare him as he flatter'd.

Messen. Labienus (this is fisse-newes)

Hath with his Parthian Force

Extended Asia: from Euphrates his conquering

Banner shooke, from Syria to Lydia,

And to Ionia, whil't

Ant. Anthony thou would'st say.

Messen. Oh my Lord.

Ant. Speake to me home,

Mince not the generall tongue, name

Cleopatra as she is call'd in Rome:

Raile thou in Fulvia's phrase, and taunt my faults

With such full License, as both Truth and Malice

Haue power to viter. Oh then we bring forth weeds,

When our quicke windes lye still, and our illes told vs

Is as our earing: fare thee well awhile.

Messen. At your Noble pleasure.

Exit Messenger.

Enter another Messenger.

Ant. From Scicion how the newes? Speake there.

1. Mes. The man from Scicion,

Is there such an one?

2. Mes. He staves vpon your will.

Ant. Let him appeare:

These strong Egyptian Petters I must breake,

Or loose my selfe in dotage.

Enter another Messenger with a Letter.

What are you?

3. Mes. Fulvia thy wife is dead.

Ant. Where dyed she.

Messen. In Scicion, her length of sicknesse,

With what else more serious,

Importeth thee to know, this beares.

Ant. Forbear me

There's a great Spirit gone, thus did I desire it:

What our contempts doth often hurle from vs,

x

Wc